

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

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[NO. 15.]

THE LILY.

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

A HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

One bright little room, where the children may play,
Unfearful of spoiling the costly array,
Where he, too, the dearest of all on the earth,
May find the sweet welcome he loves at his hearth.
The fire blazing warmly, the sofa drawn nigh,
The star lamp alight on the table close by.
A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes, the wealth of the mind;
With here and there scattered some rich gems of art,
To kindle the fancy and soften the heart.
Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam,
O, am I not happy, most happy at home!

The little ones, tired of mirth and of play,
Nestle down on our bosoms, our Ella and May,
And sweetly the simple, affectionate prayer
Ascends in the gladness of innocence there;
And now, ere they leave us, sweet kisses and light
They lavish, repeating their merry good night.
Whilst I work with my needle, my book or my pen,
Or in converse with him am contented again;
And say can I ever be tempted to roam,
Whilst blessings like these make me happy at home?

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in human deeds of mercy and benevolence. If your lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

APPOINTMENT.—Miss Harriet S. Russell has received the appointment of Post Master at Great Falls, N. H., in place of Hon. Richard Russell, deceased. Miss Russell had the charge of the office during the time her father held the appointment, and has proved herself a faithful and efficient public servant.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

OUR JOETTE;

A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt;
Or, Record of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

CONTINUED.

Yes, the wrong doing of one became the beacon of reform to many, and the story of the little hunchback, the father's drunkenness, and the cruel blow that forever marred the beauty of one so eminently calculated to enjoy life, became a nursery tale, and not a little one grew up far or near, but knew the history of the hunch back fairy of Sycamore Hall.

Julette, as we said in our last chapter, had returned with her three children to the old family mansion, and though it was as welcome to her and her little ones now, as in the first hour that she opened her blue eyes to the light, still it was not home—not the place, quite, for her and the romping, noisy companions of her widowhood—Frank, her boy, now seven years old, and little Mabel.

Never a kinder heart throbbed under calico or bombazett, than aunt Jerusha's. But fifty years of maidenhood, before the eyes of an un pitying world, had made aunt Jerusha somewhat "old maidish."

There was no excuse, she used to say, for one like her to be untidy, no matter how much work—no matter how much company—no matter how much disappointment or vexation, or half-sickness, nobody ever forgives an old maid for having a grease-spot on the floor, or dust on the mantel, and so year after year, she had kept things so nice that her habits were as fixed as the laws of the land; and the very spirit of neatness pervaded every room.

"Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In every cupboard, nook and entry,
Each floor and stair was scrubbed so bright,
You did not dare to stand upright
For fear of slidin'."

But this was what Jerusha took a pride in. The quiet, regular round of duties, every day alike, as week followed week, and month after month, making the long years, was strongly infringed upon: and while the good sister tried not to see, to feel, or hear, she found it impossible to make her senses dull to the quirks and pranks of Master Frank, or the fretful cries of Mabel, and yet be active and stirring for all other uses.

"Dear me, dear me, just look at that child now, if he ain't dashing through the garden like mad, after that butterfly—sure as you're born he is running right through my sage bed to catch it on the pea blossoms. Frank, you Frank!"

"What, aunty?"

"You're on the sage bed, honey; let the ugly old butterfly go, and come right here."

"Ain't a bit of sage here, aunty," and the young eyes went peering round for sage, while the young feet trampled over half the bed, destroying the young plants.

Away would run aunt Jerusha, with apron and cap strings flying. "Bless the child, he'll kill every spear—I shan't get another mite of seed, and I rode all the way to Pigeon Forks to get it, of old Mrs. Paggett. Just come here, Julette, and see,

For The Lily.

he's tramped on every individual spear on't. Oh! dear, oh! dear!

"I'm sorry, aunty," said the young offender, looking up wistfully, and dividing his glance between his relative and the butterfly, still luxuriating on the pea-blossoms. "I didn't know any thing was there."

"I know you didn't, honey, bless yer pretty eyes, but then all your sorry's wouldn't bring my sage to life. Never mind, Julette, don't worry—tain't no account, nohow. Oh! dear, dear children, children!"

Day by day came up trials which a mother would bear with a patient smile, and which Aunt Jerusha put by, as she expressed it, the best she could, never meaning, in one instance, to look dissatisfied or reproving, but, nevertheless, feeling annoyed and fretted to a degree that Julette could not fail to observe.

"Them's awful stirring children of Julette's," said she to a neighbor; "I mean Frank and Mabel; why, I don't believe they're still one minit the blessed day, only when they're asleep. Joette is a blessed little angel, though, and if it wan't for her watching, I shouldn't have a pink this season, and Mabel, the little witch, pulled every poeny bud in the garden, t'other day, and come bringing 'em in in her little apron. I was provoked, but I didn't let on, for Julette, poor thing, has had trouble enough—but I have been onused to children so long, I don't know how to get on with it. That Frank is mightily like his fa her. Dear, oh! dear, I hope he'll never take to his ways. But don't think," she would add, "that I care about their mischief. I can forgive 'em like an own mother, only you know I have been so long alone like."

Two years passed on in this manner, each day bringing trial to the mother, and to her kind-hearted relatives. They couldn't lay aside old habits, and she couldn't prevent her heart from fluttering wildly whenever her mischievous Frank transgressed either through wilfulness or carelessness, of both of which he was often guilty. He had, indeed, too much of his father in him, and self-indulgence was the ruling passion of his life.

Beautiful, earnest, energetic, quick-witted and ingenious was the boy; but a "lurking devil in his eye" told the strong, uncontrolled passion that was growing to maturity within.

Julette finally came to the conclusion that it would be better for her to remove to the village, and support herself by teaching school, while she could thus educate her own children, and free herself from that feeling of troublesome dependence, ever so oppressive to a sensitive mind.

Frank did not like farming—hunting and fishing delighted him. He was fond of books, and his mother hoped that she could, if separated from his relatives, hold a steadier and more controlling influence over her wayward child. No matter what he did now, aunt and uncle, though deeply annoyed and wounded, were never willing she should fully carry out her plans of discipline. If she shut him up with his book, aunty was sure to leave the door ajar. If he had to go without his dinner for playing truant, aunty had a turn-over or cake in her pocket. She loved the bold, reckless boy, much as he worried her, and so did uncle Joe.

Julette resolved to quit the old home, but with

strong opposition at first, and one with weaker purpose would have yielded. But Juliette did not. Her sense of duty was strong, and at last uncle Joe and aunt Jerusha were both brought to decide it all for the best, and the mother and children were soon cosily installed in their own home—a pretty cottage, surrounded by five acres of land, which became hers in fee simple, the day she took possession as its mistress.

The neighbors wondered, as neighbors always will, that Juliette and Jerusha, two sisters, could not live together, but the sisters knew their own business best, and let the cavers talk on.

Juliette took her little school in the back room of her house. Joette became almost a mother to little Mabel, and relieved her yet feeble mother of many an hour of anxiety and care. She was already a surprising scholar, and had well nigh exhausted her mother's stock of boarding school knowledge. Unable to go to school with other children on account of her deformity, she had learned the art of teaching herself, or by patient industry searching out the hidden meaning of things that had to be explained to other children thus strengthening her mental powers which, in the beginning, were far more than ordinary. Her surprising ability and knowledge made her a general favorite with the studious and thoughtful, who furnished her all that lay in their reach, of books, apparatus, lectures and instruction.

Thus applying themselves to the duties of life, we leave the mother and daughter, to follow the fortunes of the man, who, of all others, should have shielded and guarded them from every care, but who through an entailed taste, a constitutional weakness, had been the means of embittering every drop of life's cup with a melancholy sadness for them all.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Lily.

A Letter to a "Strong Minded Woman."
BRANCHPORT, N. Y., July 8, 1855.

DEAR —: You will excuse me, I know, for yielding to a desire to address you in a plain and familiar manner. I am just at present in a criticizing or fault-finding humor—a kind of *inspiration*, by the way, to which I am not unfrequently, but quite unfortunately, subject, and a disease, or appetite, or *mania* which I have long since pronounced incurable, and which even the omnipotence of Water-Cure can only alleviate. Now this mania for fault-finding I am about to indulge, unthankful employment it is! More than this, I am about to quarrel with ladies—women! Pretty business, indeed, for a gentleman, isn't it? But, then, it is principally with "Women's Rights women"—those who acknowledge, theoretically at least, the *equality* of the sexes—those who claim the "largest liberty"—that I am to take this unpardonable (is it?) liberty. The fact is, ladies, you are *grossly inconsistent*, and I know it, and I am just rude enough to tell you of it, and unless you reform—(yes, you need reforming as well as others)—unless your practice is in nearer conformity to your theory, you will soon lose the respect, if indeed you do not earn the contempt of all observers. You have raised a "great commotion" about "Woman's Rights." You have established beyond controversy the fact that by nature you inherit all the rights and privileges, civil, political religious and social, that belong to the bigger sex. You have shown that woman's sphere is expansive—that it is not confined within narrow limits defined by conventional rule, but is in extent equal to her capacities, and in direction as varying as her desires. But have you been as careful to define her duties as her rights? O, yes, certainly! Her duties are no less comprehensive than her rights, and each is proportioned to the other. This is good enough, to be sure. No fault to find. But you do not believe it! Who of you are willing to adopt practically this doctrine which you endorse theoretically? Where are your works indicative of unwavering faith? If you know the truth, "the truth shall make you free." You tell us that you know yet you are the same slaves you ever were. If you know the ills which you suffer, "Physician heal thyself."

You complain that your field of labor is too narrow, and that you do not receive sufficient re-

muneration for your service, and yet hardly one of you DARE, where you MAY, engage in any occupation other than "millinery and mantua making," or "housework," or possibly *cheap* school teaching.—Talk about the equal rights of women! Miserable pack of cowards that you are! you have not sufficient moral courage and independence of character to — well to wear a Bloomer dress, and yet you acknowledge that it is more comfortable, more convenient, more healthful, better, and of course prettier.

Why, I have almost no confidence at all in you strong-minded women, and I believe you have none yourselves or your doctrine. If one in a hundred of you should somehow muster sufficient courage to appear in a "Bloomer," of course you would all "glory in her spunk," but as for *yourselves or your daughters, you had rather be excused!* Show you a woman who is enough a woman to

"Look down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consult her own clear heart and boldly dare
Nature's, not fashion's, robes to wear!
Bravo! bravo! all would cry,
And laud her courage to the sky;
You, too, would reason's call obey,
But O what would Mrs. Grundy say?"

There is the trouble with you women. You are hopelessly given over to *custom*, as I am to fault-finding. You are self-sacrificed on the altar of fashion. Verily, "O! woman, thy name is frailty." In the name of heaven, women, where is your woman's will, your unconquerable, indomitable will, which we read and hear so much, and yet see so little of?

"When you will, you will, we may depend on't,
And when you won't, you won't, and that's the end on't."

Precisely so. When you will consult "Mrs. Grundy," you will, however opposed to your convictions of duty, and your understanding of right; and when you *won't* be free, you won't, however easy the "price of liberty." Shame on you, mothers, who will continue to educate your daughters to be "good-for-nothing things" like your neighbors—or dastardly slaves to custom, like yourselves! Shame on you, young ladies, who have not sufficient living energy to be *women*. You who make and support and control Fashion, and are in turn *made and supported and controlled* by it! Why not introduce the fashion of good, plain, wholesome, sensible, true and free women? If you have long enough vainly striven to be angels, let us know now that you *are* women! If you are sickened and disgusted with your silly attempts to defy yourselves—if you are satisfied that in truth you are not "divine creatures," pray, then, aspire to be *human*. Heaven knows you may thus find an ample field wherein to expand the little energy that you possess to a nobler and better purpose. Cease at once and forever your prating and Caudleing, and your Buncombe speeches about woman's rights and wrongs, or else step *manfully* forth, and "*dare to do*" as you are conscious it is your right and duty to do. If you are the equals of men, rather than this eternal croaking, let us partake of the fruits of such equality—let us have the experimental, practical evidence. The blustering and braggadocio of a vain and conceited person but renders his *weakness* the more apparent, and his pretensions the more contemptible! If, indeed you are *somewhat*, seek not to publish it with the flourish of trumpets, and with many words, but rather with the more potent and enduring testimony of *modest deeds!*

But my complaint is getting long "long drawn out," and I have hardly commenced to tell you what I think. Perhaps you will say you don't care *what* I think, but I know better. You do care what the *men* think of you, and some of you care a great deal too. Well, now, it is the opinion of many great men—I mean a *great many men*, that

"Who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow."

I once heard Fred Douglass say that "when he was in slavery, he learned that if he would have his freedom, he must *take* it." Just so with you, women! If you would have your rights, you must *take* them, and until you come up to this point in the appreciation of such rights and privileges, you are *actually unfit* to receive and enjoy them. You

may coax and scold and plead and preach until doomsday, and unless you have independence enough to put your principles into practice, there is no hope for you.

When you properly appreciate the privileges, or rights rather, for which you are contending, you will rise up with the inherent dignity of freedom, and shake from your galled limbs, the manacles which hold you in servitude to that "prince of tyrants," *custom*, and until that time, not all the powers of "light and darkness" can enlarge your sphere, nor secure to you the exercise of any considerable right or immunity which is not already "yours to enjoy."

May women speedily learn that "*Freedom is self-control*," and learning this, may they think and act *consistently, independently and wisely*, as becometh the *peer of any, and the inferior of none*.

Yours, with indignation,

C. FELIX DOBBS, Esq.

For the Lily.

Judge Larrabee, of Wisconsin, has recently decided that an action for slander does not lie against a lawyer for words spoken in the argument of a case in court. The suit was brought against James H. Payne for saying of plaintiff that he "came into court with black perjury on his soul." The judge decided that though the allegations were both false and malicious, the defendant's privilege as counsel protected him.—*Kansas Tribune*.

Yes, but where is the reason or justice of this? Or why does such a state of things exist? The two former queries nobody can answer—the latter is easily solved. Lawyers usually make the laws, and of course will protect the profession, and give it all the privileges that selfishness demands. There is no good reason why lawyers should enjoy this immunity more than other professions of the industrial avocations. Because it has been the custom from time to which the memory of man runneth not, for counsel to traduce, vilify and abuse the opposite party and their witnesses, is no good reason why this should be tolerated in a country where the rights of the meanest subject are professedly protected. If the privileges of counsel screen him from prosecution for slander and base detraction for the only reason that can be assigned to promote his own and client's interests, and to destroy that of the other party, why not allow the doctor to slander and abuse his rival, with the same motives in view? Or why not suffer the mechanic to strike down his fellow craftsman with an envenomed tongue, that his own business may prosper the better?

The lawyer's privileges are too great. He may wantonly blast the fair fame of the purest and best, from cherished revenge, yet, like a weak coward, screen himself behind the privileges of his profession. The practise of lawyers to abuse and intimidate female witnesses is a flagrant violation of personal right and proper decorum, and an insult that no person ought to bear. Yet this is also deemed a privilege of the profession. And men will pocket an insult thus offered a female friend, and cowardly slink away, badly whipped, which, under any other circumstances, if offered themselves, would cost the culprit, if not his life, at least a law suit. I should have some faith in the boasted protection of the stronger over the weaker sex, if I could see fathers, brothers and lovers, follow their female relatives and friends to our legal tribunals, armed with a good cowskin, and courage enough to use it when without the walls, if provocation sufficient is given within.

When moral and legal suasion are set aside on account of the privileges of a class, a good basting is the very best possible remedy at hand. The profession ought to be compelled to decency, in some way, and this would no doubt prove quite salutary. When a female witness comes into court, it is with rare exceptions a signal for an onset of low abuse, scurrilous sneers, irrelevant, mirth-provoking questions and libidinous insinuations, served up with a plentiful supply of double entendre, spiced with stale wit, making a feast for low, depraved appetites, and rendering our courts of justice schools of depravity for the numerous youths who flock there.

Upon the success in routing this part of the ev-

idence, often depends the triumph of the belligerents. The party, then, that can stoop the lowest in unmanly cowardice, or most defile his own lips, or descend most to low cunning, is most likely to succeed. Glorious race—worthy of him who was created but little lower than the angels! Cowardice and falsehood, dragged at the heels of a goat, and a few paltry coppers the prize to be won. A noble generosity, true manhood, and conscious personal integrity periled—yes, lost forever by the contest. If a woman thus situated attempts to return caustic answers for this licensed railing, in the popular phrase, “pay the lawyers in their own coin,” she is at once set down as vulgar and masculine, and considered a rare bird, from whom each sprig may pluck a feather. This is one reason why the cowskin should be used for its remedial virtues because a woman must, in defending herself in this way, in a measure lose her own self-respect by turning tactician on the level of vulgarity and obscenity.

The permitting of these things by the Bench, is an outrage upon community, and ought to be indictable, as you would check in community the immoral tendency of a certain class of demoralizing pictures and publications. It should be whether it is now or has been heretofore the duty of the Bench to circumscribe the privileges of counsel, and confine them within limits of courtesy, decency and individual right, the neglect of which by the bench, as its violations by counsel, ought immediately to confine the party in jail, as they now do a refractory witness. This would be the case if all parties were equally protected, and rendered equally responsible. The days are not past when the magnates of government should have their “privileges” curtailed.

Women have waited long enough for this protection. Not having had it, or any hope of it from the hands of others, or the laws, it is their imperative duty to set themselves about self-protection in some way—legally and peaceably if they can, but protection at any rate, from this flagrant outrage.

M. A. BRONSON.

For the Lily.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—I send the following, with the hope that at least twenty-five of the young lads and misses who are readers of the Lily, and hardly old enough to write for declamation, will commit the same to memory, and speak it in their schools.

WHY DO WE LIVE?

“What do we live for? Is it to be
The sport of fortune’s power—
To launch our bark on pleasure’s sea,
And float perhaps an hour?

To spend our time in idle dreams
Of what may be to-morrow,
To glean with care from present things,
The source of future sorrow?”

No! *we live* to know ourselves—to understand the relation we sustain to each other and to surrounding objects with which we came in contact, through all the vicissitudes of life. *We live* to study and develop the sciences and apply them to the use of man in the cultivation of the soil—in the construction and application of machinery—in facilitating transportation from country to country, and in creating and beautifying vast and splendid cities.

We live to perfect the systems of theology and government for the harmonious adaptation to the nature and wants of man, in the establishment of UNIVERSAL EQUALITY, the stepping stone to which is a truthful education.

The spirit of the present age is the development of mind, by searching into the great book of nature, which is overflowing with truths. Mankind are looking abroad in the clear light of intellectual day, and claiming the privilege of seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears. The musty parchments of the dark ages—customs and opinions both in science and religion, held sacred by those who have preceded us, fail to satisfy the longings and aspirations of minds freed from superstition and bigotry.

Different nations have reared standards which with them were infallible, and endeavored to compel man to believe that which to him appeared uncongenial and absurd. They have engraven upon their columns, “you must seek no further,

knowledge is only obtained through us,” and under the penalty of torture and death, the voice of reason has been hushed, and the silent aspirations of the spirit suppressed. Oppression has prevailed instead of freedom. The iron heel of tyranny in its blood-marked course, has trampled upon the necks of millions of human beings, and crushed to earth many pure and holy aspirations, until man has hardly dared to express a wish for a better destiny. But amid all, Hope unfurls her soul-inspiring wing around our mental horizon, bidding us rejoice, for the glimmerings of a bright celestial orb heave in sight, proclaiming that the day of ignorance and darkness is passing away.

In all ages there have been great and illustrious reformers, who have proclaimed truths far in advance of the mass of mind, who have not only suffered reproach and neglect, but have become martyrs for the cause of truth. They were noble spirits, deserving our gratitude and respect. And are we not justified in believing that they are now permitted to watch with guardian gaze, the intricate steps of man, and rejoice when they see him steadily and progressively journeying onward to the Temple of Truth.

Have we not our reformers among us? Yes, many, who fearless and untrammelled by public opinion—regardless of all selfish considerations—are seeking out the causes of the moral wretchedness and degradation of the world—teaching the ignorant the true source of happiness—discovering unto them the value of life—its high attainments, and its manifold duties—instructing them in the cultivation of their own minds, and bringing them into delightful harmony with nature, and with nature’s God?

When we see such bold and independent spirits battling with the foe, *ignorance*, and its accompaniment, *vice*, it would seem that the heart of every lover of justice and humanity would throb with livelier emotion, and the pulse beat with awakened interest to encourage and sustain them in their upward march.

May we strive to entertain more expansive views of God, of man, of ourselves. May we seek to unfold the beauties of the spirit—study its immense possessions, search into nature’s truthful laws, and we will march forth from the mists of erroneous teachings, and be better prepared to answer that great and important question, “FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE?”

L. E. B. M. B.

Dansville, N. Y., July 1855.

For The Lily.

CLEVELAND, JULY 20th, 1855.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:—In the 1st of July number of The Lily, I noticed an article from the “Woman’s Advocate” on the subject of Female Physicians, by Mrs. Lydia Jane Piereson, in which she urged not only the propriety, but necessity of woman becoming medical practitioners; and I wish here to make a few suggestions to those who may feel disposed to benefit themselves and others, by engaging in this labor of love.

In the first place, let me urge you to lose no time, after having once come to this conclusion, before commencing to make preparations, for why should you be willing to waste time in unnecessary delay, while you are aware of the great good you may accomplish through immediate action.

In the second place, I would ask you to lay aside all former prejudices, and endeavor to make a wise selection of the system which you will adopt, remembering that with the study and practice of medicine, as with every other department of practical education, *Progress* is the watch-word. With this view it seems to me far better that you should adopt which ever system appears to you most preferable, even though the majority have not yet learned to appreciate its value, for your opportunities for usefulness are in the future, when the people shall have become more enlightened and more determined than now, to employ as family Physicians only those who

are able to receive, appreciate, and apply every new truth which can add efficacy to

Again, in selecting a College which to prepare, it is to be remembered that thoroughness of preparation is the first great requisite to success, and therefore it is highly important, that you should attend such an institution as will afford the greatest facilities for their practice.

ties for acquiring a complete, practical medical education. I believe the only two Western Medical Colleges, open to females are located in this City, (Cleveland, Ohio,) the one being Homeopathic, the other Alopahic. In consequence of the natural reluctance felt by woman about entering a medical class, where they must be associated with the other sex, the whole number in attendance upon the Homeopathic College, have been only sixteen, six of whom have graduated; while the number of students and graduates at the Alopahic College have been even less. Having learned from past experience that woman can make not only equally intelligent students, but equally as successful practitioners as their male competitors, and at the same time, being conscious of the existing necessity of, and still increasing demand for, the services of female Physicians, the Trustees of the Homeopathic College have resolved to connect with it a Female department, which shall afford to young women every facility enjoyed by the young men for obtaining a thorough knowledge of the Medical Profession. For this purpose they are erecting a new College building, so constructed with separate halls, galleries, dissecting rooms, &c., that the lady students may attend all the lectures, without being unpleasantly associated with the gentlemen class. They have already engaged a competent female M. D. as demonstrator of Anatomy.—With these arrangements, we think this institution will present all the advantages possessed by a College designed for the medical education of women exclusively. Wishing to receive lady and gentlemen students upon equal terms in every particular, it is required of all that they shall have gone through with the entire course of study, before being allowed to graduate, but either will be received for any length of time they may wish to attend, even though it is not more than half a session. The terms of tuition per session, (lasting four months,) are hereafter to be reduced to only \$50. The next session will commence on the 1st of November. Besides the preference which the women of the western States would naturally give these Cleveland Colleges, over any located in the east, on account of their being nearer home; there is another advantage which many might derive from coming here. There is a Female Society organized in this place, having a few auxiliaries in other towns, the object of which is to assist, as far as possible, such young women as may be desirous of obtaining a medical education, and are still unable to defray their own expenses. Even to those who may not require any material aid, this society cannot fail to be of some service, for who does not feel it worth something to know that although a stranger in a place, there are friends near who can sympathize with, and encourage her, in her earnest endeavors to become useful. The Corresponding Secretary of this Society is Mrs. Lucy Mayo,—to whom all letters of inquiry may be addressed, directed to the care of Rev. A. D. Mayo, Cleveland, Ohio.

I hope I have not taken up too much of your space with this article. Asever yours.

S. J. B.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., A. 1, 1855.

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C. Starr; A. W. Prayn; R. S. W. Vaughn; S. Maria Soule; Adaline T. Swift; Amanda M. Clark; C. P. Stoddard; J. B. Grandy; M. S. Severance; Mrs. E. Cole; Mary Smith; Eunice J. Walker; J. Baldwin, jr. Wm. B. Sprayne; Sarah J. Burger; N. Dewy; M. N. Christie; Betsey P. Barker; E. A. Baily.

"Our Joette."

Aunt Fanny's health has prevented the succeeding chapters of this story from being given to the Lily readers as promptly as she wished.

Remarks on the 'Death Penalty' in next number.

Just as our paper is being put in form, we are sorry to find no room for our article on "Health and Dress."

Lady Lawyers.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe has entered upon the regular practice of Law in Philadelphia. Elizabeth Young has engaged in the same profession, at Lowell, Mass. and a young lady in Pittsburgh, an exchange states, is rigorously prosecuting legal studies.

From The Una.

New England Woman's Rights Meeting.

The proceedings of the meeting held at Doctor H. K. Hunt's, 82 Greene street, on Wednesday, May 31, has already announced the design of the friends of the Woman's Rights movement, to hold a meeting in Boston on the 19th of September, 1855, for the purpose of taking into consideration the means of more efficient action. Subjects of unusual interest will be presented and it is earnestly hoped that all the friends will be present to aid and encourage in the work. In our next, the names of some of the expected speakers will be given. The meeting is designed to be, in a measure, preparatory to the annual Convention to be held in Cincinnati in October. Papers friendly will please copy.

In behalf of the Committee,
Dr. H. K. HUNT, P. W. DAVIS,
Mrs. C. H. DALL,
Mrs. C. M. SEVERANCE, and others.

National Woman's Rights Convention.

In accordance with a vote of the National Woman's Rights Convention, at Philadelphia, in October last, the next Convention will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 17th and 18th of October next.

In behalf of the Central Committee,
PAULINE W. DAVIS, Pres't.
LUCY STONE BLACKWELL, Sec.
Papers friendly, please copy.

About The Lily.

HORSEHEADS, N. Y. July —

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL: "I think, as I always have, that The Lily is doing a *great work*, more, perhaps, than many of us realize, or shall see until some future day. It is pioneering slowly and faithfully in the cause, penetrating to hearts and homes, where no other paper of the kind would ever go—for indeed there is no other paper like it to my knowledge. Its size and cheapness ensures it a circulation and reading where no other reading of a similar stamp could gain a foothold, I feel that it will never do to let The Lily go down under any circumstances—there should be more such papers instead of less.

Yours, as an humble worker in the glorious cause of humanity, I subscribe myself,

Mrs. M. W. CHRISTIE."

We take the liberty to publish the above extract from a private letter, and wish to ask a favor of our readers. We desire to be laying a better foundation for the prosperity of the Lily next year, and as one means of doing this, we ask that our readers aid *now* in giving

it a still wider circulation. Cannot each of our subscribers send us at least two new ones, for the last six months of this year? This will render us very material aid, and as the amount of subscription would be so exceedingly small, all might with very little exertion render this help, if they like the Lily or the causes for which we labor. Then we would be making a wider acquaintance through which to do the work good service during the next year.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, July 2.

Something over a week ago the pleasing intelligence was communicated to us that the steamer Admiral, just arrived at this wharf, had on board our goods, which had been lying some months at St. Louis, waiting for a rise in the Missouri before they ventured up. It was not long before the things were transferred from the boat to our own door; and then commenced the unpacking, and the stowing away, and general turning upside down and confusion of various articles, such as those only who have gone through a similar trial can understand. Since then, I have been busily engaged in hanging paper, putting down carpets, setting the furniture to rights, and getting things generally in living order. We now begin to look and feel more home-like and comfortable than we have done before, and I feel repaid for all the hard labor that it has cost me, this hot weather. The readers of The Lily have missed a letter in consequence, but others have filled the place usually assigned to me, so that nothing is lost.

Having, in a previous letter, given some description of the country hereabouts, and a brief sketch of the history of this place, together with its present aspect and future prospects, my readers will naturally desire to know something of the people who are settled here, and to what extent a liberal and reformatory spirit prevails among them. I am not sure that I can give correct information on the latter point, but will simply state what are my impressions.

So far as the general outward appearance and conduct of the people are concerned, a stranger stopping here would not know but he was in an old settled town at the east. The men are shrewd, intelligent, and energetic—ride in fine carriages, and drive fast horses, and understand how to drive a good bargain in corner lots and bottom lands as well as in the various kinds of business in which they are engaged. I cannot say much for the morals of some of them, since I see that horse races and billiard rooms are well patronized, the latter being licensed by the authorities.—Like all other towns, society here is made up of the good and the bad—the moral and the immoral! Generally speaking, however, we have a quiet, well ordered community.

The women make about the same *personal* display here as elsewhere, and occupy themselves pretty much after the fashion of women

of other places. The houses and furniture are generally simple and unpretending, and in that respect little opportunity is afforded for the gratification of their ambition to make a fine appearance—one room frequently answering the purpose of parlor, sitting room, sleeping room and kitchen. There are many however who live in much better style; and soon the simple dwellings and furniture of others will give place to more substantial and imposing structures, and more showy and costly adornings. I have met some ladies who are intelligent and well educated, and accustomed to good society; but my acquaintance being as yet quite limited, I am not prepared to give an opinion of them generally.—I think there is less sociability here than in any place I have known. This is probably owing to the unsettled state of society, and the constant coming in of strangers. Time will, doubtless, work a change for the better in this respect.

I judge that the Spirit of Reform does not dwell here; if so, I have not found it out, though I have kept a constant lookout for it. There is a bond of sympathy uniting all reformers which will ever draw them together and lead them to commune with each other on subjects dear to them; and I feel sure, were there true reformers here I should have found it out ere this. With one or two exceptions, none have manifested any interest in matters which to me are deeply interesting; and hence I conclude that there is an absence of interest in subjects affecting the rights and happiness of humanity—among the women especially. This indifference is probably owing more to the attention being absorbed in speculation and money making; and to a want of agitation and understanding of reformatory subjects, than to deep-seated prejudice and opposition.

A Division of the Sons of Temperance was organized here last spring, and I am told, is doing well. They have recently decided to admit women as "visiting members," and few young ladies have been initiated. How zealous they are in the cause I know not, but certain it is they have little opportunity for the display of their zeal in an organization where they hold only an inferior and subordinate place. I have not changed my views at all in regard to women uniting with an organization where the right to take part in the proceedings is denied them, and unless convinced that good would be effected by it I cannot apply for admission as a "visiting member."

I greatly regret that a Good Templars Lodge had not been instituted here instead of the Sons; as then men and women could have worked together with a hearty good will in a common cause. It does not seem best to organize a lodge now, as I fear there is not interest enough to warrant it, and so for the present, I must stand aloof from all temperance association.

I hear but little said on the temperance question, and have met with none who seem to

have the cause greatly at heart; yet I think a pretty strong temperance sentiment prevails with a portion of the people, both men and women—notwithstanding the declaration made to me by a prominent woman, that she believed had women the right to vote, there would be more women than men vote against the Maine Law. As she was a strong opponent of women's cause, and arguing against it, I want some better evidence of the truth of the assertion before I can credit it. I regard it as a slander upon our sex, to say that there are more women than men opposed to temperance, and in favor of rum-selling. If such is the case with the women here, this place is an exception to the rest of the world.

There have been no licences granted here of late, yet there are those who openly engage in the sale of intoxicating poison, and their victims are frequently seen on the streets. I think, however, there is as little drunkenness as in most places of the same size. Several prosecutions were made last spring. I understand, but as is usually the case, they failed to stop the sale. The principal hotel is kept on strictly temperance principles; how it is with the others, I am not informed.

The prohibitory liquor law went into operation in this State yesterday, (Sunday).—What will be the result, remains to be seen. In some places it will, no doubt, be enforced, while in others it will remain nearly a dead letter.

I hope to have heard an appropriate sermon on an occasion of so much importance to the church and the world, but no allusion was made to it whatever, either in sermon or prayer, by the pastor of the church where I attended. I fancy hundreds of the clergy of New York entered their pulpits on the same day, with the Maine Law uppermost in their thoughts, and that they failed not to remind their hearers of the near approach of that blessed day of deliverance, from an oppression more cruel than that of the British yoke; and to incite them to strive zealously for the complete vanquishment of the foe, while earnest prayers for strength and guidance were borne upward to the Great Father of all.

I trust an event so important will not be passed over as silently throughout this State as here. I know that Iowa has many noble, true hearted, zealous spirits on her soil, and by them it will be suitably commemorated.

Our citizens are to have an "old fashioned, patriotic celebration" on the 4th for which preparations are now being made. Myself and "other-half" are invited to attend a celebration of the same character, at Omaha, (Nebraska,) and shall probably do so. Stephen A. Douglass is invited to be there as speaker, but in his absence the duty will devolve upon the Secretary of the territory, Hon. T. B. Cumming.

I was invited by the committee of arrangements, at Winterset, to meet with them in the capacity of speaker, on the approaching an-

niversary; but the distance is too great to travel in the stage this warm weather, and I was compelled, though very reluctantly, to decline the honor. Our cause has warm friends there, and The Lily a goodly number of readers, and it would do my heart good to be with them.

Rather a serious mistake occurred in my last letter. The compositor made me say that our beautiful bluffs were "not" commonly covered with grass and flowers. The sentence was written and should have read—"sometimes we see them covered with trees and bushes, but most commonly with only grass and flowers." The difference is important, as the "not" conveys the idea that the bluffs are for the most part barren hills, when the truth is that a barren spot is not to be found upon them.

Improvements are going forward in our city, and eastern people are still coming in to look and to settle. Property is constantly advancing, and a spirit of go-aheaditiveness prevails generally. It is very healthy here. I hear of little or no sickness, and have known of but one or two deaths since we came.

A. B.

The Woman's Advocate.

We never receive this beautiful and excellent paper without feeling a renewed pride in woman's awakening energy and ability.—Anne E. McDowell, of Philadelphia, is editor and proprietor, and Lydia Jane Pierson is now corresponding Editor. It is a large weekly, and is one dollar per six months. Who will aid the talented young editor?

The following capital article is from the pen of the corresponding editor.

Woman and Home.

Woman and Home! Words always inseparable, on which the speakers and writers of all time have rung innumerable changes, until it has come to be generally received as an indisputable fact, that women cannot be truly woman, except she be at home. If she would be amiable, if she would be virtuous, if she would be useful, if she would be beloved, if she would be happy, she must be so at home.—Her empire, her honor, her joy, abide at home. Many excellent men are opposed to the mental and social elevation of woman, because they imagine that association with men, in the scientific, mercantile, mechanical, and political pursuits of life, would tarnish her purity. That by mixing with the other sex, thus on equal terms, she would become coarse indelicate, profane, and dissipated; scheming, time-serving, knavish, and villainous, like her master. So in order to preserve her, pure, loving, and confiding; to keep from her tender sensibilities all knowledge that might destroy the romance of her heart, or lower her estimation of him who would be to her an object of worship, they would keep her always in the "Sanctuary of Home." The sanctuary of Home. What is Home to Woman? To the active, toiling, home-keeping wife and mother? If her husband is an "honorable man," her home is a place where, by self-denying toil, seclusion, and patient endurance, she maintains the reputation of a good wife and enjoys the con-

sciousness of doing all her duty. But, otherwise, if her husband be passionate, jealous-minded, indolent, intemperate, vulgar-tongued; or a fool, which includes all that is odious, and insures him a cruel and suspicious tyrant, what then is home to woman? There are thousands who can reply with tears—"my home is a prison, a joyless place, in which I toil, and fear, and suffer;—suffer in body, fatigue, ill health, want and agony;—suffer in spirit, crushed hopes ruined expectations, subjection, false accusation, upbraiding, contemptuous language, from contemptible lips; profanity, sneers, ridicule, and despair. My home is so far a sanctuary that it conceals my sufferings, and my shame, from the public eye;—from the public sympathy also, which would act in my behalf. My home is the place where my children cluster around me, some suffering for the attention which my toil chained hands, cannot possibly bestow; some asking for necessities, which I am not able to furnish; some indulging evil propensities, which I have not leisure to correct properly; some quarreling, and bestowing upon each other curses and vile epithets, which they have learned by hearing a father bestow them on their mother. All this distracts my brain, and makes my heart ache, but still I must toil on, or night will find my task unfinished. And, after all, when I have done, and suffered so much, I dread to hear my husband's foot on the door step, lest he finish the days list of my home miseries by surly fault-finding, or unreasonable abuse, while the gentle-hearted of my children nestle in corners to weep—and the proud or passionate burn with impotent anger, or unwittingly treasure up vile epithets, to burst out when their own passions are excited."

Here appears a consideration worthy the attention of all those who fear that woman would be contaminated by a public association with man. Is not almost every man the master or mate of some woman's home? And is it not at home, that he lays aside all the assumed graces and virtues, which are requisite, in his out-door intercourse with his kind, and appears in his native form and colors? One of the wise sayings is, "A man is only known at home." Now admitting that a man is so debased, or so intrinsically base, that a woman could not sit or stand near him, at a public gathering, without receiving insult or contamination, what must be the situation of the wife, and daughters, who own his authority, in the house he calls their home?

There he lays aside all restraint, and, being lord, acts and speaks as seemeth him good.—

His infernal tempers, his brutal passions, his blasphemous propensities (remember I speak of such men (?) as women may not in public associate with,) their rage uncontrolled, and the delicate woman and young maiden daughters, even the lisping child, there endure coarse abuse, suffer the unbridled passion, and listen to the horrid profanity of him who is their natural guardian and protector; who keeps them at home lest the wives faith in man, her reverence and affectionate confidings, the young girls purity, romance, and hope of wedded love should be weakened, or soiled, by familiar social intercourse with the common herd of mankind. And who compose this common herd? Are they not all sons, brothers, husbands, or fathers of women dwelling in the freedom of domestic intercourse, with these near relations. So is not the worst rowdy at the tavern, the coarsest ruffian at the polls, the hardest swearer at the party-stumping, the vilest criminal at the court of justice, the daily and nightly associate, the

legal lord and master of one or more, of these so tenderly cherished and cared for women?

Every man is thoroughly known to some woman. All his virtues, all his vices, his weaknesses, all his follies, all his faults, are perfectly understood by his mother, his sister, his wife, his daughter, or by all these. Oh vain and arrogant man! if you could know how perfectly you are known and understood by woman, you would no longer prattle about keeping her from the contaminating influence of your society, and securing her purity, affection, and happiness, by restraining her from wandering from the sanctuary of home. She knows you in your worst guise, has seen you in your darkest aspect. Need she go abroad to learn how false, how base, how inhuman you can be? Who can know a man as thoroughly as the mother who nursed his infancy, taught his childhood, and guided his early youth; who saw the first dawn of his intellect and felt the awakening of his heart, in the first expression of love for her? Who beside the mother can understand him as do the sisters who grew up with him, in the intimate communion of fraternal affection? Only the wife, who, living in oneness with him, enters yet with a deeper chamber of his nature, and knows him more thoroughly than he knows himself. And almost every woman, is acquainted with man in one or all of these relations; and he stands, thus unveiled before her, in the *Sanctuary of Home*. Shall she remain immured in that sanctuary, lest she become acquainted with man as he is? Courtesy, conventionality, and polite hypocrisy gild his manners and disguise him everywhere but in the unstrained atmosphere of home. And there is no voice, no passion, no species of intemperance, no ribaldry or impiety, which does not desecrate some spot that man calls home, and taint and torture her, whose sphere of joy and duty; whose purity, whose honor, whose empire is said to lie within her husband's house.

Woman! Woman! Is there a throb in man's heart, a thought in his mind, that you do not feel and know as perfectly, and far more intensely than he?

Do not imagine that I would break down the palisades which enclose the ark of covenant—the domestic bower. Home to every creature is the dearest spot on earth; whosoever has no love for home, has no kindly sensibilities in his nature. Home is indeed a sanctuary, where the weaknesses, the wickedness, and the follies of humanity are hidden from the outer world, locked in the deep casket of domestic charity. But they are not therefore inert. Wherever there be wrong there must be a sufferer; wherever there be vice, some one is polluted.

That home in which honor, magnanimity, condescension, and gentle affection constitute the bond and the authority, is indeed the throne and the nursery of all that is truly valuable in life. Disappointments, sorrows, sickness, and the death-angel, enter, even here; but the grief is lightened by sympathy, and the equally afflicted, sustain and soothe each other. In this home there is no master, no slave, no tyrant, no trembling victim, no imperative commander, no silent abject vassal, despising herself, hating her oppressor, and murmuring against Jehovah.

But, alas, my brethren, these blessed homes are "few and far apart." (Campbell made a blunder when he wrote "far between." *Between what!*) One fundamental doctrine of the old time barbarism was and still is, "There can be no well regulated home without a head,

a supreme authority, which all the other inmates shall honor and obey." This is a branch of the old law of supremacy. There can be no national prosperity or glory, without an absolute sovereign, king, or emperor. There can be no rightly disciplined church, without a superior head, a vicegerent of almighty power, to guide, control, and direct all its members. These are all creeds; born of the same spirit. The nations, throughout the world, are breaking away the chains of absolute monarchy; and with them must fall all the yokes and fetters of tyranny, whether civil, ecclesiastical, or domestic. The blood royal used to possess a divine right to govern, oppress, impoverish, or kill those who were born, or otherwise placed within this jurisdiction. The subject had no right to his own opinion, to the property he inherited or gathered by labor, or traffic, or even to his wife and children. The monarch must be gratified and glorified. The wealth and honor of the nation was his, and the glory of conquest rested on his name, though his foot never left his luxuriant palace halls during the contest of war. His subjects toiled, endured and bled, but their names were not recorded, the glory rested on the head that wore a crown, though it might be destitute of common sense, or the common discrimination of right from wrong.

Citizens of Republican America, are you individually, and as a nation, happier, more prosperous, wiser, greater, and better, than if you dwelt under the denomination of an absolute sovereign? If so, if a great nation can exist, prosper, and grow great, without a king, and enjoy peace and honor, without an absolute lord, and imperious master.

All law, all rule, and all government, which is not based upon the great truths of equal rights, universal brotherhood, and the highest good of each and all, is of the old barbarism, and will melt away beneath the light of knowledge, and the warmth of all embracing benevolence. Kings shall lay down their crowns and sceptres as unwelcome and contemptible toys. And husbands and fond fathers of families shall wonder that absolute authority and sole ownership, could ever have been deemed a necessary prerogative of their station.—The domestic home will no longer be the theatre of oppressive authority and of silent suffering, so helpless, so irremediable, that its dearest hope can point to no brighter refuge than the grave.

How great a portion of the sexes of Christendom would, this day, feel the permanent removal, by death or otherwise, of their lords and masters, a blessed release from a galling bondage? Husbands, tyrants, ask your own hearts.

Admitting that the creator appointed man to do and woman to suffer, did he license man to increase, multiply, and aggravate those sufferings until the victim longs for her only resting place—the grave? If the veil were withdrawn from the sanctuary of domestic life, and man could look upon the fear, the loathing, the detestation which is tyranny and reckless gratification of self as caused to take the place of the confiding love, which placed a woman in his power, he would shudder at the hideous wrong of the present regulations of the domestic abode.

Without home, without the domestic relations, the loves, the cares, the responsibilities which bind men's hearts to the one treasury of all their precious things, the world would be a chaos, without order, or beauty, without patriotism, or social regulation, without public

or private virtue. Without home man is a restless, unsatisfied outcast, and without the pervading influence of woman, there can be no home. Mother, sister, wife, daughter, these are the names that hallow every thought of home. The active superintendence, the gentle ministering, the enduring love, the habitual presence of woman, is the sacred charm which binds man to perchance an humble and outwardly, uninviting spot. To this home he turns for bodily comfort and mental solace; here he expects to meet the blessings of affection, and the repose of peace. But can he rationally expect to find in any place, that which he has not deposited there? Does a sane man hope to reap in any field that which he has not planted there? Would a rational person look into a mirror with a hideously distorted countenance, and expect to meet the reflection of beauty, propriety, or loving smiles?—Would he be reasonable, who should pour gall into his water-jar and expect to drink from it pure, sweet water. Equally reasonable is he who looks for peace and comfort, in the home in which he has planted neither; who expects to find order, love, and joy, in the habitation where he has wrought confusion, fear, and bitter sorrow.

How many reams of paper have been written over, for the purpose of impressing upon woman the duty of making home an agreeable resting place for her husband, and of being always there with the most agreeable surroundings, to welcome him with smiles, when he comes away from the toils and vexations of out-door life.

This is only as it should be; and what every woman should be able and willing to do. But in the houses of the *people*, where the wife and mother is housekeeper, cook, chambermaid, landress, seamstress, and dairy-woman, she also is weary, and oppressed with care; she is full of pain, weak, and burdened with maternity. Should not the gentle charities be mutual? Should not the husband endeavor to bring home with him smiles, peace, and the materials with which she may create comfort and order? Should not the endeavor and the forbearance, be mutual? Although woman is the presiding genius of home, and home is the birth-place, and foundation of society and government, social, civil, or religious, which all receives its tone and color from the voices and atmosphere of its birth-place home, from the lips, the eyes, the hands of woman. Still the happiness, the comfort, the virtue of this universal cradle of the world, depends, in a great degree, upon him whose duty it is to provide not only bread, but whatsoever else he would wish to enjoy within its sacred precincts. Let man provide a pleasant dwelling, furnish it with comfort, and gladden it with honor, kindness, and affection, and the inherent domestic love and virtue of woman, will do all the rest. Home will be an epitome of Heaven, and woman the bright angel of its holiest place.

L. J. P.

WOMAN'S CO-OPERATION.—No man could have written such a work as Mrs. Stowe's. England's palaces would never have opened to any man as they did to her; and why not? Because there was a demand for the co-operation of woman in the great work of emancipation. Every department of earthly labor is a standing testimony against man's doing the work of the world well when he does it alone. Until woman's reason and sympathy are aroused to co-work with her brother in every effort for the well-being of her race, never will the relation of brotherhood prevail, nor that of master and servant cease.—*Rev. Antoinette Brown.*

For The Lily.
She Merely Does her Housework.

I chanced to be one of an assembly of women a few days since, when the lively, social chat, turned for a time upon a certain lady—absent of course. "She is an excellent housekeeper," remarked Mrs. F., "and has an excellent disposition. Mr. G. could not have found a better wife in America." "All you say is true," rejoined a lively, bustling little woman, who has the reputation of doing more work in a given time than any other housekeeper in the neighborhood; "she keeps her house in elegant order, every article in her dominion displays excellent taste, and faultless arrangement, and so it ought, for she has ample means and plenty of time, for she merely does her own housework. And having every thing to do with, and every thing in such exquisite order around her, it would be very strange if she were peevish or ill tempered. Mr. G., you know, is foreman of the shop, and gets high wages. But the majority of mechanics cannot afford to humor their wives as he does his, and I know a great many who could not be persuaded that they had good wives, if said wives did nothing to help them make a living. I tell you what—a woman may be very amiable, but I do not think she ought to be held up as a paragon, who merely does the housework for a small family, if she does that ever so well. A good wife ought to earn something, and not content herself with using up her husband's hard earnings."

"Perhaps Mrs. J.," remarked a calm eyed, quiet lady, probably the oldest of the company, and a woman universally esteemed, and deferred to, "there are few housekeepers who are capable of doing as you do. I never could perform half the labor in a week, that you do, and seem to do it with perfect ease. The majority of women find their housekeeping sufficient employment, for their time and abilities; and in a majority cases, I think wives and mothers ought not to attempt to do more than the work of their own house. It seems to be according to the divine law that man should provide the raw material, of which woman should manufacture comfort, elegance, and luxury. Where this law is obeyed, the domestic relations are true and beautiful, and the household, the seat of propriety, order and peace. Otherwise, there seems always to be a discrepancy, an unfitness, somewhere; and I question whether in the sequel, any family is benefitted by the out-door earnings of the wife and mother."

At this crisis of the good lady's lecture, Mrs. M.'s baby rolled from the door way, down the steps; creating a general excitement and totally obliterating the subject of discourse. Not from my mind however, and as I walked slowly homeward, in the lovely twilight, I thought earnestly of Mrs. B.'s "question," whether any family is really benefitted by the "earnings" of its female head. I am intimately acquainted two ladies, who married about the same time, and with equal prospects of happiness and prosperity. They were both daughters of thriving mechanics, and brought up by industrious and economical mothers.—Both went to housekeeping soon after they were married. They had been healthy, active girls, and the young husbands had every reason to imagine that they had secured excellent wives. And so they had. But Mary was ailing; her path was full of weakness and pain. Her husband was obliged to hire a girl, before he had been three months married, and found all his solitudes and anxieties, enlisted and kept constantly on the alert, by the sufferings and peevishness of his dear

Mary. The wise ones shook their heads, and muttered: "Poor Marshall! he is to be pitied. He never can get along with such a woman." On the contrary, the other bride retained her good health, in defiance of circumstances, and finding that house-keeping, in her new house, with furniture all new and clean, did not occupy half her time, decided to assist her husband, who was a maker of ladies' shoes.—She soon learned the trade, and became a neat and quick workwoman,—and her husband boasted that Anna earned two dollars to his three, besides doing her housework. Every body said "Jones is a lucky fellow. He will soon be rich, with such a wife to assist him." In time both women became mothers. Mary recovered health sufficient to do her housework and take care of her child, with a little help from her husband, who carried in the water and wood, lent a hand, for an hour or so, on washing days, and tended the baby morning and evening. These domestic employments bound him to his home, and he seemed like woman, to love in proportion to the helplessness of his charge, and forget self in attending to their comfort and caprices. He felt the necessity of extra exertion, and applied himself accordingly. Mary never fully recovered her health, but she kept her house and family neat and orderly, and though she hung upon her husband, like an infant on its mother, she studied his tastes, made his comfort her first consideration, and treated him always with a kind of grateful deference, which flattered his self esteem, and made amends for many rather unmanly services performed in her favor. And Mr. Marshall appeared happy, was respected and grew rich. In the mean time, Anna's increasing family prevented her from working with her husband in the shop, so she made a shop of her sitting room, and manufactured shoes and gaiters for her lady customers, earning sufficient to clothe herself and children, and purchase many articles of furniture, upholstery, &c. But all the responsibility so assumed by her, seemed to be so much taken from her husband's cares and exertions. Instead of emulating her endeavors, and growing speedily rich, as he ought, he became remiss and indolent. At length he would bring home work which he had promised and say to her: "If this is not finished by such a time, I shall lose M——'s custom, and it won't be done unless you do it." "Oh, dear!" she would say, "I have more on hand now than I can do,—but we can't afford to lose M——'s custom." And so she would neglect everything else, to oblige the customers. Now a house dirty and disorderly, children neglected and crying, in every corner; heavy bread, and meals prepared in the least possible space of time; do not constitute a very pleasant home for a man naturally fond of elegance and ease. So Mr. Jones took to lounging in the tavern. He could find little comfort at home in the evenings, when the room was littered with chips and leather, and his carelessly arrayed wife, continued to cut, sew and pound continually, while the poor little ones cried, fretted and teased around her,—so Mr. Jones became a member of a club. When she remonstrated, he said "if you kept your house as Mrs. Marshall keeps hers, and paid as much attention to my comfort, as she does to Marshall, I should be as fond of home as he is."

Poor Anna, deeply hurt by this injustice, replied: "You know that I am not to blame. Mary merely does her housework, while I am overrun with shoemaking." "D—n your

shoemaking," she cried brutally. "When I married, I expected to get a wife, and not a shoemaker. I want you to keep my house. If I want a shoemaker, I can hire one."

And with this cruel speech he flounced out of the house, and went to the club, where he told the members that he had some work promised to be done that night, on honor, and should not have met them, only when he went home, there was no supper ready, his house was like a hog pen, and his wife cross as a wild cat. Those who frequented his house knew how it was kept, or rather how it was not kept: and so poor Jones was sympathized with, and that night he went home drunk. It is not difficult to foretell the sequel. Jones became a common drunkard, lost his custom, then his shop, ceased to provide anything for his fast increasing family; became abusive to his wife, and in his fits of drunken compunction, would whine out to his comrades, "I should never have come to this, if my wife had not been so slatternly, and careless of my comfort. If my house was kept as Marshall's is, I could have been happy in it, and should never have got into the habit of going to the tavern. It is her abominable house-keeping, that has undone us both." And so in a measure it was; but poor Anna continued to make "boots and shoes, and slippers," for some benevolent ladies in the neighborhood, who had kindly permitted her to do the shoemaking for themselves and children, at about three-fourths the rate charged by male workmen, for the same articles, not half as well made. Thus she earned a pittance for herself and children; and always in her darkest days, had a kind word, a meal of victuals, and a clean shirt, ready to meet her husband's necessities. As soon as her children were old enough, she tore them from her bosom and put them out to earn their own bread, and no one knew the keen, deep anguish, endured by this patient, toiling, suffering woman. People passed her by, as a being without sensibility, whose mission was merely to labor and endure. And many times, in her presence, was Mrs. Marshall extolled as a pattern of wifely excellence, because she had a kind, industrious husband, and only two children, and because she merely did her housework, & even when she had a girl hired, nothing more was attempted. Mr. Marshall always hired a seamstress when there were any garments to be made, and he congratulated himself on his good fortune in obtaining so superior a woman, and blessed his stars that his wife was not such a slattern as Anna Jones.

Many cases, similar to the foregoing, have fallen under my observation, and I now say to all girls: maintain yourselves while you remain single, but when you marry, leave your husband to perform his duty in providing for his household. It is enough for you to keep your house and rear your children. No woman can do custom work of any description, without at times neglecting household matters, and this neglect will always be charged against her as a fault, and no allowance made for the imperious occupation, which distracts her with care and enslaves her with extra labor.—Never take in work. If your husband cannot maintain his family, the sooner the family is otherwise provided for, the better; and it is easier for a woman to maintain herself and one, two or three children, being at liberty to select her own locality and occupation, than to earn a livelihood for six, eight or ten children, and a husband beside, who lords it over her, controls her efforts and baffles her intentions. Some people may contend with Mrs.

J. that "a woman ought to earn something, and not content herself with using up her husband's earnings," but let us consider the matter. Suppose that a man works a week for flour, and another week for meat, groceries, &c. Now if his wife bakes this barrel of flour into bread, cakes and pastry, and cooks the meat, &c., setting and clearing off tables, and washing dishes and cooking utensils three times a day, will not her labor in "using up" these provisions, far exceed her husband's labor in earning them? So also, he earns material for clothing. In one week he can pay for more dry goods, than his wife can cut and make into garments in a month, and then the washing, ironing and mending, and other ways arranging the garments, far exceeds the labor of making them up, so that a woman who uses up her husband's earning performs more than half the labor of life, and endures a double amount of cares and vexations, besides all the sufferings, anxieties, watchings and toils, which only a woman and a mother can understand. Almighty Justice, in fixing the punishment of Eve, deemed the bearing and rearing of children, with consequent dependence on, and subjection to a husband, a sufficient penalty for the transgression of a divine law. At the same time He appointed to man, the earning of his bread. Woman must endure her own punishment, and it is sufficient for her. If in the pride, affection, desire of gain, of her young wifeship, she assumes a part of her husband's allotted burden, she infringes upon a divine institution, and the penalty is inevitable; she will, sooner or later, find the assumed burden intolerable.

LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Adrian, Mich., July 14, 1855.

Mr. Smith Lounges on the Sofa.

AND MRS. SMITH LECTURES HIM FOR IT.

"I declare, Mr. Smith! this is too bad.—Here you are stretched out on the sofa, musing it up, and my nice carpet is all spoiled by the tramp of your coarse boots. I shall be ashamed to bring any one into the parlor again—and I have taken so much pains to keep everything nice! I do think, Mr. Smith, you are the most thoughtless, careless man I ever did see—you don't appear to care how much trouble you give me. If I had no more care than you have we would soon have a nice looking house—it would not be long till our new house and furniture would be just as bad as the old," said John Smith's wife to him, as she saw him in the parlor taking a nap on the sofa.

Mr. Smith rose up slowly, and answered, "I was tired and sleepy, Mary, and the weather so hot, and this room so quiet and cool, and the sofa looked so inviting, that I could not resist the temptation to snooze a little. I thought when we were building a new house, and furnishing it thus, that we were doing it because the old house and furniture were not so comfortable as desirable, and that I and my own dear Mary, would indulge ourselves in a little quiet leisure in these nice rooms, and if we choose, in lounging on the sofas and rocking in these cushioned arm chairs, away from the noise of the family, and the smell of the cooking stove.

"I did not dream of displeasing you, Mary, and I thought it would give you pleasure to see me enjoying a nap on the sofa, this warm afternoon. I notice when Merchant Swell, or Col. Bigman, and their families are here, you appear delighted to have sofas and cushioned arm chairs for them to sit in or lounge upon. I thought the house and the sofas were

to use—that we were seeking our own pleasure when we paid a large sum of money for them; but I suppose I was mistaken, and that the house and furniture are for strangers, and that we are to sit in the old kitchen, and if I want to take a nap, or rest a little when fatigued, I am to lie down on a slab in the wood house; and if you want to rest, can go to the children's trundle bed, in the little close bed room where the flies can have a chance at you."

The irony of Mr. Smith's reply only provoked his wife, and seeing himself threatened with a repetition of Mrs. Smith's speech, with unpleasant additions and variations, and knowing that he would get tired of gaining victories over her in argument, before she would think of getting tired of defeat, he took himself out, and left Mrs. Smith to fix up and dust out, and lock him out of his own house, and took a seat on an old chair in the kitchen, which Mrs. Smith said was good enough to use every day—in the kitchen where no one sees it.

Poor mistaken Mrs. Smith, thought I.—And yet most women are like her. They want a fine house, and when they get it they want an out house built to live in, and they confine their families to a few small rooms, poorly furnished, while the main rooms, well furnished, is never seen by the family only when visitors come! Both house and furniture are too grand for use. The carpet is too fine for their husbands to walk on—the mirrors are too fine for him to look into—the furniture is all too fine for him to see or use. Just so it goes—we dress, we women, I mean, and I am sorry that many men are as foolish as we are, to please others, or rather to excite their remarks—we build houses, and furnish them for those outside of the family, and live as poorly when we are rich as we did when we were poor; as poorly in the new house as in the old.

It is a fatal day to enjoyment when a family gets a house and furniture too fine for use; and yet most women have an ambition to have it so. Better would it be if they were contented with such a house and such furniture as is suited to every day use—the house large enough to accommodate one's friends, and the furniture such as all use when at home.

ROSE RANDOM.

—*Marysville Tribune.*

Fluency of Language.

No fallacy is greater than that which confounds fluency with expression. Washer-women and boys, at debating clubs, often display more fluency than Webster; but his words are to theirs, as the thunder's roll to the patter of rain. Language often receives its significance and power from the person who uses it. Unless permitted by the higher faculties of the mind, unless it be not the clothing but the "incarnation of thought" it is quite an humble power. There are some writers who repose undoubting confidence in words. If their minds be filled with epithets of poetry, they fondly deem they have clutched its essence. In a piece of inferior verse, we often observe a great array of expressions which have been employed with great effect by genius, but which seem to burn the figures, and disconcert the equanimity of the aspiring word catcher who presses them into his service. Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.—*E. P. Whipple.*

A Lodge of the "Independent Order of Good Templars," was organized in New Albany last Saturday evening, by T. G. Hall, G. W. C. T. of this state. There is now over one hundred Lodges in the state, and nearly all of them have been organized within the past six months.

Lafayette Gaz.

Neither wealth nor birth, but mind only, should be the aristocracy of a free people.

The Fourth at Olena.

MESSRS. CRANE & Co.—The Good Templars of Huron county, met in Mass Convention at Olena on the Fourth. There are at the present time twenty-one Lodges of this noble Order in Huron county, O. They were established during the last winter by Messrs. Chadwick and Crane—names that it is presumed you are tolerably familiar with. It is supposed that the Order in Huron county numbers some 2400 members. The lodges in Townsend, Norwalk, Lyme and Clarksfield are at the head of the list in point of numbers. The number of persons present at Olena on the Fourth, has been variously estimated from 2000 to 3000. My own impression is, that there were about 2000 present. Most of the Lodges are in a flourishing condition, but like all other societies, are not as numerously attended during the summer as during the other seasons of the year. I hope to be able to furnish for your next paper a statistical account of the Lodges in our county, with the names of the W. C. T. and the W. R. S. of each Lodge.—The utmost harmony and good feeling pervaded at the Convention. The address of J. R. Williams, the "Old Missionary," was listened to with breathless interest by the large auditory. His unostentatious oratory, and his earnest words caused many eyes to flow with unbidden tears.—*Crane's Paper.*

TO THE POINT.—It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to temperance. A short time since, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination, and a member of the order of "Sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the Rev. gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop becoming somewhat restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that; 'woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the Bishop at this stage of the proceedings, our informant did not state.

DEXTER C. BLOOMER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AND LAND AGENT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

Particular attention given to the purchase and sale of Lands, the investigation of Land Titles, location of Land Warrants, Payment of Taxes, and collection of Debts, in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory.
June 15, 1855.

EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,

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May 1st, 1855.